

THE LIBERATOR.  
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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.  
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THE LIBERATOR.

LETTERS FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.  
RATTENBERG, July 11. 11 o'clock, A. M.  
This village lies at the base, or under a lofty moun-  
tain; and across a narrow valley, on the opposite  
side of the river, the mountains are about 6000 feet  
high. On the top of the lofty mountain over the  
town is a castle, once a strong military post, now in  
ruins. The river Inn—the valley from half a  
mile to a mile wide, entirely covered with fields of  
wheat, rye and barley, which the people are reaping  
and gathering in. I have had my seat beside the  
river, where I could see as I passed, and have  
been greatly attracted at his zeal in cracking his whip.  
As he passes by them, he salutes them with the great  
crack of his whip, to the right and left. He does not  
crack it to make the team go ahead, but solely to  
attract the attention of the people. As we pass a  
house, he begins to crack away, and out come wife,  
sons and daughters, old and young, to see him. I  
am now sitting on a bench, outside the door, wagons,  
horses, men, women and children all around me. On  
the bench to my left, near to me, lies a beautiful pet  
dog; near the dog sits a woman, with a fat child in  
her arms; the child holds the fore feet of the dog in  
its hand; the dog is, at this moment, licking the  
child's lips and face gently as possible—now the  
child's nose and face are rubbing lovingly one  
against the other. The child and dog are disposed to  
cultivate an acquaintance with me. Well, human  
love and sympathy are the same, the world over.  
There are 1000 inhabitants in this town. The river  
Inn glides softly past, near the perpendicular rock  
that rises behind it. Before we arrived at this place,  
we passed the old Church of St. Leonard, founded in  
1013, by the Emperor Henry II. The pillars are orna-  
mented with figures of double lions, dragons, and  
monsters of all sorts—fitting emblems of a bloody,  
heathen religion, that enslaves and butchers men  
in the name of the God of love.

Schwartz, 3 o'clock, P. M.  
As we came from Rattenberg, we passed through  
Strass, a little village in the mouth of the valley of  
the Ziller—called the Zillerthal—where it opens into  
the valley of the Inn. Zillerthal is said to be the most  
beautiful valley in the Tyrol. Fugen is most popu-  
lar village, and the native place of the Rainer fam-  
ily, the Tyrolean minstrels, who a few years since  
visited England, and were greatly applauded for  
their singing. They were also enriched, and two of  
the brothers are now residing here as innkeepers. The  
Reiderbach, a mountain torrent that pours into this  
beautiful valley, in 1781, in consequence of  
great rains, was swollen, and deserted its usual bed,  
and bore down upon one of the churches in the val-  
ley. The poor people had fled to it for safety, and  
were crowded together in the steeple; for the water rose  
to the windows, and the fall of the building was mo-  
mentarily expected, but fortunately the flood was  
stayed and the people were saved. It is said the peo-  
ple of the Tyrolean character are more marked in  
the Zillerthal than in any other part of the coun-  
try. They are said to be merry, passionately fond  
of singing and dancing, and distinguished for skill in  
extempore verses of a satirical cast. The people are  
said to be handsome, and principally devoted to rear-  
ing flocks and herds; and they wear a picturesque  
costume. A large portion of the people of the Zillerthal  
were secretly converted to Protestantism; but through  
the influence of the Roman priests, they were perse-  
cuted, by being denied the rites of baptism, marriage,  
and Christian burial! I can see no hardship in being  
denied the rites of baptism and Christian burial. What  
an absurd and infamous dogma that men cannot be  
Christians, and subjects of Christ's kingdom, without  
the intervention of a proud, ambitious, and hireling  
priesthood! These wolves in sheep's clothing do con-  
tinue to make themselves necessary to man's exist-  
ence. For myself, I cast from me the priestly pro-  
fession, as one of the deadliest foes to Christianity.  
In 1537, the Parliament of Tyrol compelled 400 of  
these Protestants to quit their native land; and they  
found an asylum in Prussia Silesia. In front of a  
church in the village of Wald, far up this valley, are  
two large stones, between which the peasants squeeze  
themselves, as a cure for rheumatism!

In 1807, the Emperor of Austria, who had 4500 inhabitants.  
It is a beautiful town. It was entirely burned to the  
ground in 1809 by the Bavarians, who committed the  
most horrible cruelties upon the men and women—  
such as British soldiers committed on the men and  
women of Ghinnce and Chaleal and Scinde, and such  
as John Tyler, Henry Clay, and James K. Polk, with  
their Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist brethren,  
count upon the persons of defenceless slave women  
and children; they gashed and cut the men to  
pieces, and brutally violated the women—deeds fami-  
lar to soldiers and slaveholders, and sanctioned by  
the advocates of military defence and slavery. The town  
is now, for the most part, rebuilt. This place has  
been famous for its silver, iron and copper mines.  
Not far from this town, within sight of it, are the  
castle and family from which sprang the renowned  
and commander George, the conqueror of  
Francis I. of Paris.

Hall, 6 o'clock, P. M.  
Just arrived—a town of 4400 inhabitants, six miles  
from Innsbruck—situated at the foot of the Salberg,  
a mountain distinguished by its bare, lofty, white  
precipices, entirely destitute of tree or shrub. This  
town is noted for its salt mine, situated more than  
2500 feet above sea level. What attracts my atten-  
tion most in this town is, the grave of Speckbacher,  
called the bravest, most prudent and skillful leader of  
the Tyrolean in their struggle for independence,  
against Napoleon and the Bavarians. He was the  
friend and companion of Hafer, and died here in  
1820. This town and its vicinity, now so quiet, so  
beautiful, so lovely and rich, was once the theatre  
of carnage, such as few places ever witness. Speck-  
bacher here led on the Tyrolean against the French  
and Bavarians, and committed dreadful slaughter  
among them. On the evening of April 11, 1809, the  
whole population of this town and vicinity rose un-  
der Speckbacher; the watch-fires on the mountains  
around were lighted by the women and children,  
while the men rushed down to the slaughter like  
ravenous wolves. It is melancholy to pass through  
this valley, which is so beautiful in fertility and beau-  
ty, for one feels that almost every rod of it has drunk  
a brother's blood. There is a cross road hence to  
Innsbruck, leading up the right bank of the Inn, by  
the Salberg. An old castle once the residence of  
the Archdukes of Austria, built in the 13th cen-  
tury, now dismantled and converted into barracks.  
It is in full view where I now stand, and rises up  
on the opposite mountain with imposing, gloomy grand-  
eur. The collections which it once contained have

been transported to Vienna; and nothing tempts me  
to visit it but the location, which, where every loca-  
tion is so picturesque and fine, is not sufficient to  
induce me to spend the time. This castle was once the  
abode of Philippina Welser, who, though the daughter  
of a burger of Augsburg, became Archduchess of  
Austria, and the mother of a long line of Emperors.  
From one of the high windows of this castle, the  
famous human butcher, Wellenstein, then a page, fell  
without injury; and from this circumstance he con-  
cluded that he was destined for some great work, and  
he was destined, like Napoleon, Wellington and Wash-  
ington, to cut his way to glory, through the bowels of Hu-  
manity. Behind this castle is a field, in which many  
tournaments were held, and knights killed, for the  
pleasure and edification of professedly Christian men  
and women—as men and women in England and  
America are taken upon a scaffold to have their  
necks broken for the edification and sanctification of  
the souls of their professedly pious and praying  
brethren and sisters—for the moral and spiritual im-  
provement of the people is the great argument for  
hanging, according to the opinions of the great ad-  
vocates of the gallows in America. A. A. Phelps  
and N. Colver can head a petition to government for  
the perpetuity of the gallows and halter as means of  
grace to the people to bring them to the love of God  
and man. Long and sore was the struggle before the  
gladiatorial games of the Tilt and Tournament could  
be abolished; and now we wonder how any human  
being could uphold them as Christian. So will the  
world soon wonder how the gallows could ever have  
been sustained as a Christian institution.



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1845.

might be suggested as he went on. The burden of  
them was to show the abominable position of the  
American Church as the bulwark of American slav-  
ery.  
On motion of Mr. Everett, a committee was ap-  
pointed to nominate officers of the Worcester North  
A. S. Society for the ensuing year. The meeting  
was then adjourned till 6 o'clock in the evening.  
EVENING SESSION.  
Mr. Phillips, having disposed of the political por-  
tion of his resolution in the afternoon, now took up  
the moral; and although so much broader, and deeper,  
and higher than the other, he showed himself  
equally master of it. His power was particularly man-  
ifest in setting forth the character and purpose of the  
Christian dispensation. For, this done, it was easy  
to vindicate abolitionists from the charge of infidelity;  
and, tried by this standard, the church and clergy of  
the land were found greatly wanting. This was the  
first effort I ever knew, and I have witnessed many,  
in which my ideal of what ought to be done in the  
pulpit, was fully met, in which the speaker rose to  
the height of his great argument, and without  
harshness, did, by the simple majesty of truth, com-  
mand the respect and admiration even of the enemies  
of the cause. A song from the Hutchinsons brought  
the audience to their feet. They pressed or leaned  
forward in almost breathless admiration.  
Mr. Buffum made some forcible remarks on the  
support which the Church, in its present connexion  
with the slave system, lent to it. He spoke also of  
the persecutions to which abolitionists were subject,  
and modestly mentioned, by way of illustration, that  
he had lately lost some seven thousand dollars by the  
burning of his carpenter works.  
Not long afterwards, said he, I was told that it was  
undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, and on ac-  
count of my abolition principles. 'And will you per-  
sist?' said his informant, 'in such a ruinous enter-  
prise?' 'What,' said Mr. B., 'shall I abandon my  
principles, and the great and glorious cause in which  
I have enlisted, because they subject me to pecuniary  
losses? No; not if they were ten times greater than  
they are. I cling to them the closer.' And the in-  
dignant manner in which he repelled the suggestion,  
brought down upon him, from that large audience, a  
general burst of applause.  
Mr. Clapp introduced the following resolution, and  
spoke upon it with great earnestness and power:  
Resolved, That the church which closes its doors  
against the anti-slavery movement—or, rather, which  
does not give that movement its earnest and enthu-  
siastic support—has not the least claim to the name  
of Christian; but, on the contrary, is a heathen insti-  
tution of the darkest character, and ought to be in-  
stantly deserted and resolutely opposed by every  
friend of humanity.  
His course of argument to show the corruption of  
the church was essentially the same as that of Phil-  
lips, but sustained by fresh and copious illustrations,  
and a manner entirely his own.  
Here the labors and pleasures of the day and even-  
ing were brought to a close. The audience with-  
drew, and the ladies, wearing with care and toil, set  
their house in order, and betook themselves to rest.  
THURSDAY MORNING.  
Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Pettibone, of Fitch-  
burg.  
The ladies were already in their places; the re-  
freshment table had been replenished; the articles of  
merchandise set in new and tempting array; and the  
business of buying and selling, eating and talking,  
went on with renewed earnestness and spirit.  
Rev. Mr. Pettibone began with some excellent re-  
marks on the incompatibility of slavery with the  
principles of Christianity, and the duties of the clergy  
in regard to it.  
Mr. Clapp then offered resolutions, and made a  
strong speech on the wickedness and worthlessness  
of Liberty party. Richard Hildreth, said he, one of  
the leading men in the party, does not pretend that it  
is governed by moral principle. Expediency is its  
rule of action.  
Mr. Phillips followed in the same strain. Liberty  
party, said he, like other political parties which wish  
to obtain votes, accommodate itself to the prejudices  
and demands of the people. In New-York it exhibits  
one phase; in Philadelphia, another; and in Boston,  
a third. He also exposed the fallacy and absurdity  
of the doctrine, that public officers are to obey the  
Constitution as they understand it.  
AFTERNOON SESSION.  
Messrs. Phillips, Buffum and Clapp presented the  
claims of the Liberator, Standard and Pioneer to the  
patronage of abolitionists. Mr. Clapp added some  
further remarks on the immorality of taking office, or  
voting under the U. S. Constitution.  
Mr. Haskell, of Fitchburg, thought if we prayed for  
the liberation of the slave, consistency demanded that  
we should also vote for it. He therefore belonged to  
Liberty party. He did not attempt to controvert the  
positions which had been taken by others.  
The Hutchinsons, who all along had been silent  
spectators of this moving scene, as if filled with the  
spirit of the occasion, at length burst forth with spon-  
taneous, original, native power, the combined effect  
of poetry and song. For Jesse  
Himself to sing, and built the lofty rhymer.  
I cannot give you his striking and appropriate ode.  
The wonder was, that it was composed upon the spot.  
Yes, sitting as they were, surrounded by 'such wealth  
of evergreen,' themselves the gazing stock of hun-  
dreds of strange faces, with 'Ladies Fair, and fair la-  
dies' before their eyes, and 'gay belles and sleigh  
bells' ringing in their ears, with those mute orators,  
the motes, speaking from the walls, and Phillips and  
Buffum and Clapp from the desk, the poetic soul of  
Jesse, with instinctive tact, appropriated them all;  
turned them to shape, and while he gave to them a  
local habitation, earned himself a name.  
Rev. Mr. Stone, of Gardner, remarked that much  
had been said against the clergy. He was himself a  
clergyman, and wished he could say it was not all  
true. He spoke, also, of the espionage and censor-  
ship which he and other students, who happened to be  
abolitionists, underwent while members of Amer-  
ican College.  
But darkness drew on, and the audience was again  
sent free. Formal speeches gave place to friendly con-  
versation, the articles upon the tables were again  
taken up, and many of them disposed of in the most  
summary manner. For the ladies, ever ready to feed  
the hungry and supply the needy, bade none go supper-  
less away.  
The people came together in great numbers; fresh  
demands were made upon the Fair, which were very  
promptly met.  
The report of the committee on nominations was  
called for, and the following persons, proposed for



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1845.

officers of the Worcester North A. S. Society for the  
ensuing year:  
For President, George Miles, of Westminster.  
Vice-Presidents, J. A. Waite of Hubbardston, W. B.  
Stone of Gardner, T. P. Locke of Barre, Dr. Hoyt of  
Athol, Mason Amosworth of Templeton, Dr. Taylor  
of Petersham, Dea. Mead of Rutland, J. T. Everett  
of Princeton, Mrs. O. Wellington of Barre, C. W.  
Hamilton of Hubbardston, Capt. Gerry of Harvard,  
Albert C. Howe of Princeton, J. G. Clark of Hub-  
bardston. For Secretary, Benjamin Snow, Jr. of  
Fitchburg. Treasurer, Mr. Myrick of Princeton.  
Executive Committee, Samuel Gay and Susan W.  
Clark of Hubbardston, Rev. Mr. Pettibone of Fitch-  
burg, Mrs. Dr. White of Westminster, Ruel G. Coe  
of Gardner.  
The report was unanimously adopted, and the per-  
sons nominated thereby elected.  
H. W. Carter, of Hubbardston, made some remarks  
on the natural and necessary connection of the differ-  
ent branches of reform. There is no vice, said he,  
where intemperance prevails, which is not immeasur-  
ably aggravated by it. For it puts out the light of  
reason, drowns the voice of conscience, and at the  
same time, rouses into action the baser elements in  
man's nature; lust, avarice, and the love of power,  
with the disposition to fight and to destroy. The  
slaveholder is an idler from principle. Idleness ex-  
poses him to intemperance. Intemperance makes  
him lustful and avaricious, and, therefore, ten-fold  
more overbearing and tyrannical than he was before.  
Besides, the intemperate man is, from the nature of  
the case, incapable of appreciating anti-slavery truth,  
or of feeling the unutterable wrong he is inflicting on  
his slave. Where, then, is the hope of reform? This  
is not mere theory. It is matter of observation. It  
is sound philosophy. Is there no connection, then,  
between intemperance and slavery?  
Again: men are made slaves, and kept so, by su-  
perior force. Slavery is a state of perpetual war. He,  
therefore, who would contend successfully against  
the giant evil, slavery, must also engage with earnest-  
ness in the peace and temperance reforms.  
After a few more remarks from Messrs. Phillips  
and Buffum, in their usually happy manner, the la-  
bors of the Convention were brought to a close, by an  
eloquent and successful speech from Mr. Clapp, on the  
greatness and dignity of the anti-slavery enter-  
prise, and the simplicity of the means by which it is  
to be accomplished, viz., freedom of speech and  
freedom of the press. The proceeds of the Fair, clear  
of expenses, were \$225.  
I have thus given you the merest skeleton of the  
proceedings and the main topics of discourse, at the  
late Convention and Fair. Enough, however, to show  
that Phillips and Buffum and Clapp, true to the motto  
of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery So-  
cieties, 'No Union with Slaveholders,' bore, in their  
intellectual and moral might, a most successful and  
valuable struggle against a pro-slavery Church and  
Constitution.  
They broke up the ground, and sowed good seed, but  
bequeathed the fruits thereof to the next generation.  
While their natural helpers and magnanimous allies,  
the ladies, by their steady and persevering efforts,  
furnished the means of sowing more seed.  
H. W. CARTER, Sec. pro tem.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, FEB. 10, 1845.  
W. L. GARRISON:  
DEAR SIR:—I congratulate you on the great pro-  
gress of the cause of abolition. You have caused  
much to be done in a short time, and your retrospec-  
tion on this subject ought to be cheering, and give  
you courage to go on in the good work, whilst en-  
ergy is spared to you; for you, as others, must expect  
the day when you will find that you begin to weaken  
bodily—I trust not mentally, until you are called  
away.  
I send you the following letter, cut from the Times,  
(London newspaper), to show that the result of your  
efforts is attracting European attention. The Times  
is the leading journal in circulation—that is, in the  
number of copies it sells—though it is far behind the  
people. It is a middle class organ, and its ruling  
principle is so to deal with the many exciting topics,  
as to sell the greatest number of copies. It follows  
public opinion at a cautious distance, and the general  
belief is, that its proprietors would cause it to advo-  
cate slavery, or its abolition, if they believed that one  
course would sell more copies than the other.  
However, here is the article. You will see that  
it is an advance to other questions as intro-  
ductory of their notice of what I term your question.  
It is pleasing to notice the ideas introduced in the  
conclusion of the article, forced upon men's atten-  
tion, and to reflect that these ideas are circulated in  
a paper which is considerably influential in British  
India, and will be so among the British residents in  
China, and other extensive colonial possessions; it is  
gratifying to your friends here to trace this to your  
steady and untiring exertions in the good cause of  
immediate abolition.

From the London Times, Feb. 5th, 1845.  
We have frequently had occasion to observe upon  
some of the anomalies involved in the Constitution  
of the United States, particularly with reference to  
the negro. The first of these is, that the negro is  
less free in the recollection of our readers. Con-  
trary to all known usage, he was apprehended  
and imprisoned by the authorities of New-York,  
upon the ground of his having been engaged in the  
affair of the Caroline during the Canadian rebellion.  
To the demand of our Government, which at once  
took upon itself the full responsibility of the acts  
of its agent, for Macleod's immediate release, the  
Foreign Secretary of the United States deemed it  
quite sufficient to allege, that to interfere with the  
legal tribunals of any individual State was beyond  
the powers which the Constitution had conferred  
upon the General Government. The mighty con-  
vention, if not the morality of this doctrine, is  
not to be denied. First a grievous wrong is commit-  
ted, and then reparation coolly refused, on the  
ground of some peculiar internal distribution of  
authority. By this constitutional juggle, the Gov-  
ernment of the United States has more than once  
endeavored, in its intercourse with this country,  
to shuffle off the legitimate responsibility which  
should have attached to it. No attempt, however,  
appears to have been made by the framers of the  
system to supply this very curious deficiency.

The individual States are but parts of a whole.  
Their Governments can hold no communication  
with those of other nations, and consequently, can-  
not be called upon to give satisfaction for injuries  
inflicted. Should a foreign Power dream of singling  
out for punishment any one of their number, it  
would quickly find itself assailed by the whole force  
of the Union. That the maintenance of this absurd  
and vicious principle should have been so long tol-  
erated by the world, may excite just surprise, and,  
indeed, it is pretty clear, that if never could have  
been established had the United States lain in closer  
contact with the powerful and civilized nations of  
Europe, and been involved in their various alliances  
and combinations.

The great inconveniences, however, attending

All men are born free and equal—with cer-  
tain natural, essential and unalienable rights—among  
which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.  
Three millions of the American people are in  
chains and slavery—held as chattels personal, and  
bought and sold as marketable commodities.  
Seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave  
parents, kidnapped as soon as born, and permanently  
added to the slave population of Christian, (i) Repub-  
lican, (ii) Democratic (!!!) America every year.  
Immediate, Unconditional Emancipation.  
Slaveholders, Slave-traders and Slave-drivers  
are to be placed on the same level of infamy, and in  
the same fiendish category, as kidnappers and men-  
stealers—a race of monsters unparalleled in their as-  
sumption of power, and their despotic cruelty.  
The existing Constitution of the United States is  
a convenient with death, and an agreement with hell.  
NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

WHOLE NO. 741.

worthy of civil rights; will teach the teacher the im-  
portance of granting them a permanent interest in  
the land of their own country; they will then pro-  
duce cotton, rice, and other tropical productions, in  
abundance—will compete and beat the productions of  
American slavery, and, rendering it unprofitable, will  
give weight to your teachings, and bring the breech-  
pocket argument to aid your arguments founded on  
Justice and Benevolence. Interest opens men's  
minds to sound policy with great rapidity.

I observe, by extracts from other papers in the  
Liberator, that you continue to be well abused by  
slaveholders and slaveries. While they scold you,  
we have confidence in you—we know that you are  
in the right way, because they scold you for being  
out of it; and I use this article from the Times to  
show you, and other good men, the fruits of having  
cast your bread on the waters in faith and confidence,  
that it may return to you after many days.

The State of the Laboring Poor in England.

The Malthusian philosophy is working out its ter-  
rible results in England. The moral disease which  
it introduced among the political economists was a  
callousness to the distress of the poorer classes. It  
taught that it was a law of nature, that men should  
increase faster than food, and the conclusion was pal-  
pable, that starvation was a necessity, not a sin; that  
the rich are justified in permitting this—for that,  
otherwise, men would increase until they ate up  
each other; and the theoretical future danger re-  
conciled the doctrinaires to the injustice and wicked-  
ness of present starvation. Our laws, for the last  
thirty years, have been made or influenced in the  
making by the Malthusian theorists. See the state of  
our poor, as shown by the following inquiry, taken  
from the Times newspaper. It is only a sample of  
what is daily and hourly occurring in this country,  
abounding as it does in wealth, all produced by the  
labor of that people who are so treated.

DREADFUL DESTITUTION IN THE UX-  
BRIDGE UNION.

Tuesday, Feb. 4th, 1845.  
Late on Saturday, Mr. Wakley, M. P., coroner,  
held a lengthened inquiry at the Six Bells public-  
house, Ruislip common, about five miles from Ux-  
bridge, into the circumstances attending the death  
of William Murray, aged 27 years, who died in a lot  
been stated, had been caused by the want of the  
common necessities of life.

The room occupied by deceased, his wife and  
child, bespoke the penury and destitution of its oc-  
cupants, and the body of the deceased bore indica-  
tions of the privations he had endured.

The witnesses were examined, one of whom  
was the wife of the deceased, whose figure was  
most attenuated, and who was in so weak a state,  
that she was accommodated with a chair, and had  
brandy and water provided for her while giving her  
evidence. The deceased was a laboring man, the  
son of another laborer, residing at Ruislip common.  
The deceased married, about three years ago, the  
widow, Martha Murray, who belonged to Iwer, in  
Buckinghamshire, where they for some time re-  
sided. From the month of August last, the de-  
ceased had been out of work, except an occasional  
job or two. About three months ago, in conse-  
quence of the serious illness of his wife, he be-  
came chargeable to the parish, and was removed to  
the Union workhouse, and subsequently orders were  
given for their removal to the Uxbridge Union, but  
which were suspended on account of the illness of  
his wife. About seven weeks since, his wife being  
rather better, the deceased, to avoid the orders for  
removal being carried into effect, and their being  
taken to Ruislip as paupers, he and his wife, in a  
cart, and removed his wife to the old workhouse,  
where they have ever since lived, and in the hope  
of getting work, abstained from applying for any  
assistance to the relieving-officer of the Uxbridge  
Union. After a week or two, not getting work,  
the deceased, at the earnest request of his wife, ap-  
plied to the relieving-officer, and was removed to  
the Uxbridge Union, and subsequently orders were  
given for their removal to the Uxbridge Union work-  
house at Hillingdon, upwards of four miles from all  
his friends. As he returned home, however, with  
the order to his wife, he found he could obtain em-  
ployment at cutting down pea-sticks in the wood,  
and carrying them out to the mill, and he and his  
wife, in consequence, determined not to make use  
of the order. The next morning the deceased  
went to work at that employment, but finding that  
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honest convictions of nine-tenths of the so-called democrats of his State. They have

voice against it in the Legislature, in their primary assemblies, and in petitions and remonstrances to Congress. We repeat—why did he do it? He must answer for himself; but we predict that the indignant voice of a misrepresented, betrayed, injured people, will ring in his ears yet louder and longer than in the ears of those who basely knut themselves to consummate the less outrageous Missouri compromise.

□ The following candid and argumentative article is from the Worcester County Gazette, a new Liberty party paper :

Messrs. Garrison and Douglass are holding a meeting this day (Tuesday) in Brinley Hall, Worcester, which their friends denominated Anti-Slavery.

Judging from recent movements, we anticipate that the meeting should be denominated Anti-Liberty party, Anti-Church, Anti-Union, and last and not least, Anti-Slavery.

We have no sympathy, no fellowship with those, who, to get at slavery, would destroy the influence of the ministers of Christ—overseers.

of the ministers of Christ—overthrow the church—dissolve the Union, and reduce every thing of political, literary, moral and religious nature, to a state of chaos. So far as slavery influences the conduct of the clergy, we admit that the number is comparatively small of those, who have thoroughly washed their hands and purified their garments from this sin; we would by no means screen them from censure. We desire to see the church not only cleansed from all participation in this heaven-d-

ing crime, but putting forth all her energies to smash it from the world. We desire also to see the State and the Nation cut loose from that 'low, black, raking, practical craft,' which threatens to lead the 'blind' into a craft of destruction.

But we believe that a safer and far better way, than to trench up a cruel trench between the church and the whole existing order of things, is the dissolution of the Union. Quere. How can the Union be dissolved, (we maintain that *tunc facta* it is dissolved) without political action? If dissolved on the plan of Mr. Garrison, and the ministry and the church are removed out of the way, and all institutions of religion abolished, we should be much in the condition of Archimedes. We should have no support for our fulcrum. And as we regard the Union, we believe we can do far more in it, than out of it, for the abolition of slavery.

The following is also from the same paper:

N. P. ROGERS, the talented editor of the 'Herald of Freedom,' having been deprived, as he thinks

wrongfulness of his interests in the Herald, is about starting a new 'Herald of Freedom.' We wish him much success, and more correct views of the Liberty Party.

'Q' 'Shows show,' &c. The following is from the Syracuse Democratic Freeman, edited by J. M. Tucker, who has been 'every thing by turns, and nothing long,' and who now goes for Liberty party.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM. We have received the first number of the *legitimate* Herald of Freedom, re-established by John R. French, and edited by N. P. Rogers. We are glad to see Mr. Rogers again at his post, and greet the Herald in its new dress. The title of the paper is a fair indication of the tool of a corporation has never gained much favor with us. Corporations have no soul. To be an editor for one requires a transformation of a free man into a tool—a mere machine.

Observe—1, the falsehood, that it is the *legitimate* Herald, &c. 2, the falsehood that an effort has been made to interfere with the editorial freedom of Mr. Rogers, and make him 'a tool.' 3, the fact that the eulogist belongs to 'Third party,' while he cautions against corporations. 4, that Mr. Tucker is a member of the Odd Fellows' Society, and a friend of Masonry. 'From whence does this union arise?

¶ The following is from the Granite Free Press, a weekly paper published in Concord, N. H. The publisher of which is so accommodating as to print the new paper, furnish a room, &c.

‘THE HERALD OF FREEDOM’.—John R. French, Publisher, and N. P. Rogers, Editor, has made his appearance. We profess no familiarity with the grounds of conflict between the friends of the ‘Herald of Freedom’ and ‘The Herald of Freedom’ but the new paper goes for consistent and radical non-resistance in contrast with the semi-palmsmanship of the Liberator and Standard, and advocates an unqualified success in arms against every and all other reforms. Of the number of editing nothing need be said. While friend Rogers

at the helm, who wields a pen altogether unmanageable and inimitable. We regret that his lofty energy should be worn out, as we fear they will be, in an availing effort after that which is wholly unattainable; and the uselessness of which, could it be ascertained, is there great reason to doubt. Garrison is always at hand against *The Herald*, and his friends and supporters must expect the same treatment he has always given to all who have rashly questioned his infallibility. If *The Herald* can live under such malediction, it has a charmed life.

Observe—1, that the editor of the Freeman professes 'no familiarity with the grounds of conflict,' and 2, that he attributes my opposition to the new paper to a question having been raised as to my 'infallibility'! 3, that he oracularly decides what is 'essential and radical non-resistance,' being no politician and therefore disliking 'the semi-political course of the Liberator and Standard'! Truly, if *The Herald* can live under such a puff, from such a quarter, it has a charmed life.

The following is from the *Lynn Pioneer*:

*'The Herald of Freedom,'* published by John F. French, and edited by N. P. Rogers, is resuscitated and came out last week (Friday) in a new and beautiful dress, and the old and beautiful spirit. It takes place conspicuously, at the head of the few papers in the land which are enlisted in the cause of human freedom,—and of course no paper occupying this position can fail to occasion many heart-burnings and jealousies, and to experience

In addition to such obstacles, which it is so easy to deny are great (especially in the last instance), friend Rogers has got to contend against the cruel and insidious charge of being a *monomaniac*, of being a creature comparable with the dog that barks at the shadows. Such a charge is altogether unwarranted, and is as ludicrous as it is enlightening into wisdom and 'be- comes illustrious.' I don't allude to another obstacle, the circulation of calumnies against friend Rogers's private character which have been spread with such earnestness,—for such '*intentional*' lies as soon return to plague the inventor. I have only room to add, that, 'gathering strength from the magnitude of the task before them,' friends Rogers and French will prosecute their work with tireless energy, and beyond a doubt will issue at the end of the year brilliant and effective sheet which graces the despised cause of Humanity.

'THE' HERALD OF FREEDOM.

I am glad that thus much chance is left for us to believe that the sense of shame has not altogether fled. The paper is announced in one corner to be the 481st No. of the 10th Vol., and in another to be the 1st No. of the 1st Vol. of a new series. The old Herald has reached the 491st No. of the 10th Vol.

I regret for the sake of the cause to record a contemptible act as this, committed by men who have heretofore won for themselves a place in the love and esteem of Abolitionists. The bold theft of the Emancipator was honorable compared with this petty larceny. I hope and believe that it will be a valuable contribution—a *Standard*

receive but little countenance.—



## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

SONNET.

To MARIA WERTON CHAPMAN.

Press on! still let thy cheering voice go forth—  
Still boldly plead thy fellow-beings' right—  
Thy soul sustained by Him, the Lord of might,  
Shines with rich luster in the darkened North:  
Far to the South is seen its kindling ray,  
Though little heeded in that TRANT land  
By those who at their cursed Moloch stand,  
Where sullen sits the demon of Dismay—  
But there, 'e'en there, thy spirit-tones have sped—  
The panting slave thou oft hast made rejoice;  
And, quailing 'neath the justice of thy voice,  
The surly master hath its warning fled.  
Press on! thou noble one, thy way is clear—  
Led by the TRUTH, thy soul has naught to fear.

New Bedford.

D. R.

From the Broadway Journal.

THE GHOST-SEER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ye who, passing graves by night,  
Glance not to the left nor right,  
Lest a spirit should arise,  
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,  
Some weak phantom, which your doubt  
Shapes upon the dark without  
From the dark within, a guess  
At the spirit's deathlessness,  
Which ye entertain with fear  
In your self-built dungeon here,  
Where ye dance and shake your chain  
As if freedom would be pain,  
Ye without a shudder meet  
In the city's noon-day street,  
Spirits sadder and more dread  
Than from out the clay have fled:  
Spirits buried dark and deep  
In a grave where never sleep—  
The cold dew of Paradise,  
Drops upon their burning eyes,  
Buried, beyond hope or light,  
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?  
There are bloodhounds on her trail:  
Bloodhounds, too, all guant and lean,  
For the soul their scent is keen,  
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,  
They have followed far and fast;  
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,  
Sin awakened with a growl.

'Twas the World, and the World's law  
Let them slip and cried, Hurrah!  
Ah, poor girl! she had a right  
To a blessing from the light,  
Tide deeds to sky and earth  
God gave to her at her birth!  
But before they were enjoyed,  
Poverty had made them void,  
And had drunk the sunshine up  
From all nature's ample cup,  
Leaving her a first-born's share  
In the dreary darkness there.  
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,  
Hungry, all alone, and weak,  
She has seen, in night and storm,  
Rooms o'erflow with firelight warm,  
Which outside the window glass  
Doubled all the cold, alas!

Till each ray that on her fell  
Stabbed her like an icicle,  
And she almost loved the wail  
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.  
Till the flood becomes her bier,  
She shall feel her panting near,  
Close upon her very heels,  
'Spite of all the din of wheels;

Shivering on her pallet poor,  
She shall hear them at the door  
Whine and scratch to be let in,  
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,  
Stiff with lavish coiffures!  
Here comes one whose cheek would flush  
But to have her garment brush  
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin  
Wove the weary brocade in;  
Who went backward from her toil,  
Lest her tears the silk might soil,  
And, in midnight chill and work,  
Stitched her life into the mark.

Little doth the wearied head  
Of the heart-break in the braid;  
A yawn by her side  
Skulks, downlooking—it is Pride.  
He dips for her in the earth,  
Where lie all her claims of birth,  
With his foul paw rooting o'er  
Some long buried ancestor.

Who, most like, a statue won  
By the ill deeds he had done,  
Round her heart and round her brain  
Wealth had linked a golden chain,  
Which doth close and closer press  
Heart and brain to narrowness.

Every morn and every night  
She must bare that bosom white,  
Which so thrillingly doth rise  
'Neath its proud embroidery;  
That its mere heave less than snow,  
How much whiter 'tis than snow—  
She must bare it, and, unseen,  
Suckle that hyena lean—

Ah! the fountain's angel shrinks,  
And forsakes it while he drinks!  
There walks Judas, he who sold  
Yesterday his Lord for gold,  
Sold God's presence in his heart  
For a proud seat in the Mart;  
He hath dealt in flesh and blood—  
At the Bank, his name is good,  
At the Bank and only there,  
'Tis a marketable ware.

In his eyes that stealthy gleam  
Was not learned of a cry or stream,  
But it has the cold, hard glint  
Of new dollars from the Mint.  
Open now your spirit's eyes,  
Look through that poor clay disguise  
Which has thickened, day by day,  
Till it keeps all light away—  
And his soul in pitchy gloom,  
Gropes about its narrow tomb,  
Drop by drop the horror falls,  
Look! a serpent, rank and cold,  
Hugs his spirit fold on fold;

From his heart, all day and night,  
It doth suck God's blessed light,  
It drink the will, and drink it must,  
Till the cup holds naught but dust;  
All day long he hears it hiss,  
Writing in its fiendish bliss;  
All night long he sees its eyes  
Flicker with strange ecstasies,  
As the spirit ebbs away  
Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid  
Of the trust he has betrayed,  
Shuddering if perchance a gleam  
Of old nobleness should stream  
Through the pent, unwholesome room,  
Where his shrunk soul cowers in gloom—  
By more instinct for the host?  
'Tis a poet who was sent  
For a bad world's punishment,  
By compelling it to see  
Golden glimpses of To Be,

By compelling it to hear  
Songs that prove the angels near;  
Who was sent to be the tongue  
Of the weak and spirit-wrong,  
Whence the fiery-winged Despair  
In men's shrinking eyes might flare.  
'Tis our hope doth fashion us  
To base use or glorious:  
He who might have been a lark  
Of Truth's morning, from the dark  
Raining down melodious hope  
Of a freer, broader scope  
Aspirations, prophecies,  
Of the spirit's full sunrise—  
Chose to be a bird of night,  
Which, with eyes refusing light,  
Hooted from some hollow tree  
Of the world's idolatry.

'Tis his punishment to hear  
Flutterings of pinions near,  
And his own vain wings to feel  
Drooping downward to his heel,  
All their grace and import lost,  
Burthening his weary ghost:  
Ever walking by his side  
He must see his angel guide,  
Who at intervals doth turn  
Looks on him so sadly stern,  
With such ever-new surprise  
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,  
That it seems the light of day  
From around him shrinks away,  
Or drops blunted from the wall  
Built around him by his fall.

Then the mountains, whose white peaks  
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,  
He must see, where prophets sit,  
Turning East their faces lit,  
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,  
To the earth, yet dim and dull,  
They the glad tidings bring  
Of the sunlight's hastening.

Never can those hills of bliss  
Be o'erlooked by feet like his!  
But enough! Oh, do not dare  
From the next his mark to tear,  
Which, although it moves about  
Like a human form without,  
Hath a soul within, I ween,  
Of the vulture's shape and mien.

## NON-RESISTANCE.

For the Liberator.

THE NON-RESISTANT.

Five numbers of this valuable periodical have come to hand in this city. It is a periodical which ought to be sustained, (as I think,) even if some of the other instrumentalities for Reform should be compelled to discontinue for want of support. Unless I am greatly deceived, the principles promulgated and insisted on in this pamphlet lay at the bottom of all reforms, that will be lasting. I am not, and trust I never shall be, a man-whisperer; and yet when sentiments and principles, such as grace the columns of this periodical, are presented, it would seem that any person who had a heart or a soul, must love those from whom they emanate. My object, in calling attention to this periodical, is to inform all your readers that fears are entertained at Milford, that it will probably be stopped after two numbers more, unless an accession of subscribers shall be immediately obtained. Let all who can spare a dollar subscribe for the work without delay, and give it away, if they do not want it themselves. Make no delay in this work.

SAMUEL W. WHEELER.

Providence, R. I., March 15, 1845.

From the Non-Resistant.

PROSPECTS OF THE NON-RESISTANT.

We said in No. 1, (7<sup>th</sup>) The Non-Resistant "must grow up, but it will not grow up, unless it is understood. If the friends of the cause would make the exertions necessary to procure five hundred paying subscribers, we gave assurance that the work should be published. We would pledge economy enough in printing and publishing it to keep it before the public. This No. 6, and we have been sending out on the old subscription list, and to new patrons, eight or nine hundred copies. We find we have only about two hundred and fifty subscribers on whom we can certainly depend; i. e. who have already paid, or promised to be responsible. These are tried and faithful friends, with most of whom Non-Resistance is No. 1 in point of importance; and who rejoice to do all they can to support the cause. If the editor could enter the field as a public lecturer, and travel extensively through the land, laying the subject before the people, and soliciting subscribers, there is little doubt a respectable support could be secured for the publication. But this is extremely difficult, if not impossible, under existing circumstances. The man who would do this, therefore, must be placed on the devoted lists of the cause scattered over the country. These are true and faithful, but few and generally poor. We feel the liveliest satisfaction, gratitude and affection towards the little handful who have come to our aid in the attempt to resuscitate the Non-Resistant. There is another class of friends from whom we expected important assistance, as well as the managers of the undertaking, who have left us almost entirely to ourselves; for the satisfactory reason that they are already overworked in the Anti-Slavery and other departments of Moral Reform. We must not find fault with them; though we feel somewhat disappointed. We do not think we have cared and understood enough, without assuming any responsibility. Non-Resistant. Men and women cannot be every where, doing everything at once. A very few of our poorer friends have returned their papers, declining to take them, because they were unable to pay for them, though they wanted them. To such we have said, "be welcome to the paper, for the postage; for we cannot bear that those who love to read it should be cut off for their poverty. Send us other friends in humble circumstances have written us that they paid for the old series just before it stopped, and will struggle to pay once more, if the superintendent will assure them that there is a fair probability they shall not again make the sacrifice in vain; adding that not the least painful part of the task is the taunting and jeering of opposers, that their non-resistant publishing friends are either speculating out of them, or trifling with their feelings. Others have written back that they once paid for the paper, and are willing to receive it till they have got their money's worth. Others have returned their copies with morose and churlish endorsements on them. Others report that they have tried to obtain subscriptions enough to secure a gratis copy, but being unable to do this, gave up the matter. Others that they frequently read good articles in the editor in other periodicals; that they take so many papers they cannot read more; yet they hope we shall sustain the work. One friend from the Granite State informs us that he wishes us success, and will be a subscriber by and by, but feels that the *crusade* of *Freedom* must be revived, &c. Meantime not half the copies sent out on the old subscription list have been back any response at all. Now and then a Postmaster sends a line informing that such or such a person is either dead, or refuses to take his paper out of the office. Occasionally a line reaches us informing us, that a package sent to one of the cities by stage has not come to hand, but repeatedly fails. The subscribers, to save postage, would have their papers sent by stage, or not at all. We have paid the driver in advance out of our lean treasury for delivering them, but he loses or forgets the package. Then we must pay postage on our agent's letters in these cases, which of course we expect to do; and he advises us not to embarrass ourselves, by going on with the publication and counteracting all the incidental expenses, unless our subscription revenue will insure an ample remuneration.

Now much of all this was to have been expected. We have had too much experience in these matters, either to be frightened, or make lugubrious complaints. We still cherish the hope that volunteers enough will come to the rescue to sustain the new series of the Non-Resistant. But we wish all who are concerned to understand just how matters stand. In the first place, we are the appointed servant of the New-England Non-Resistance Society, to revive the Non-Resistant, if possible, and superintend it.

both as editor and publishing agent. But the Society is small, and without funds of any considerable amount. We are not authorized to incur pecuniary risks, or to run the Society into debt. Our duty is to attempt the thing desired, and to effect it if possible. Well, we love the cause, and have felt the deepest anxiety to revive the Non-Resistant. Our friends, in our little Community at Hopkinton, feel the same anxiety, we resolved to do all we reasonably could, to accomplish the object; not expecting to make money out of the enterprise, but hoping that by subjecting every thing to our economical scale of operations, we could live under the burden it might impose, and it should be placed on a satisfactory footing. In this Community we have small means to accomplish all we can. We have no sinecures—nor resources for commanding extravagant luxuries; indeed, even the comforts of life sometimes come hard—though we have much more to be thankful for than to complain of. We have had no idea of involving the Non-Resistance Society in debt, and of the loss of sucking money out of subscribers without returning them a fair equivalent. We hope not to be obliged to live under the imputation of receiving money for the Non-Resistant, without making it good again in some form. If, therefore, our love for the cause and our zeal to promote it, have carried us too far, we wish all those subscribers who are worrying about past losses, or possible future ones, to let us hear from them, so that we may be quiet. We have paid away many hundred dollars in our lifetime to print and publish the truth, as we understood it, for which the public left us minus. We have but little more to lose in such ways, but we have some little sense of honor in the premises, and as we have not hitherto knowingly deceived subscribers out of their money, by making any of our publications, perhaps, will do us the honor to give our personal pledge, if life be spared—1. That we will cause the Non-Resistant to be published and sent to such subscribers as have paid, or shall pay for the same in advance, according to terms. Or 2, that if compelled to stop the work for want of encouragement, we will send the Non-Resistant to such subscribers as have paid, or shall pay for the same in advance, according to terms. Or 3, that if this will not answer, that we will refund in cash such balance, on demand of the subscriber. If this is not satisfactory, and any one pretending to care the value of a pin for the holy principles of Non-Resistance, is disposed to tinkle at the Non-Resistant, we humbly implore that we may never have the mortification to hear that person's name in connection with such a subject. We can bear to see people pretty tolerably tight, if they make no pretensions to the character of Reformers or Christians; but *carelessness* in these matters is deplorably sick and sorry.

Now this is what we are going to do. We are going to print Nos. 7 and 8 of the Non-Resistant; i. e. two numbers more; hoping by that time to hear so much good news from abroad as to insure us 500 paying subscribers in the course of the year. But if decidedly disappointed in this hope, we shall discontinue the Non-Resistant entirely; enlarge the *crusade* of *Freedom* and send it to such subscribers who have paid, in lieu of the other. Unless, demand should be made by any for the balance due on such subscriptions in cash; in which case we shall forthwith refund. As to the cause of Christian Non-Resistance itself, so far as we are individually concerned, we intend to advocate and promote the peaceful Christian, (and we will not be out of our present state), containing equally valuable matter, long enough to make up the balance due. Or 3d, if this will not answer, that we will refund in cash such balance, on demand of the subscriber. If this is not satisfactory, and any one pretending to care the value of a pin for the holy principles of Non-Resistance, is disposed to tinkle at the Non-Resistant, we humbly implore that we may never have the mortification to hear that person's name in connection with such a subject. We can bear to see people pretty tolerably tight, if they make no pretensions to the character of Reformers or Christians; but *carelessness* in these matters is deplorably sick and sorry.

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Cruelty to a Slave.—A most inhuman sight presented itself to the residents of Chestnut street this morning. A negro boy was seen to issue from near the corner of Third street, and take down Chestnut street, full speed, stripped to his waist, and his back to the ground. He was in the act of being whipped, when he took a straight line for the river, and plunged in, apparently with the intention of getting clear of some dread evil all at hazards. He was, however, rescued by some of the crew of a steamboat lying at the wharf.—*St. Louis New Era.*

Found Dead.—Very considerable excitement prevails in the neighborhood of Milford farm, Baltimore county, in consequence of a slave having been found hanging by the neck and dead. His master, it is reported, gave him a very severe chastisement, and shortly after he was found in the condition above named. The occasion of the excitement is said to arise from the suspicion that the negro was indebted to his master not only for the chastisement, but also for the hanging—a story which, we hope, further developments will entirely refute.

The 'story' referred to was 'refuted' by 'further developments'. The slave evidently hung himself in a fit of desperation. It was testified by the overseer that the (W.) 'digger' says, 'I was on or cart whip.' Now any one who knows the tremendous purchase of this species of whip, (which never was made for the human body) will not be surprised to learn this painful result, or the fact, from the same testimony, that the skin was raised by the whip, and that there was a sort of watery matter beneath.—*Baltimore Visitor.*

THE HORRORS OF MILLERISM.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Let it be remembered, then, not in Columbus only, but throughout Georgia. We hope to see all the States of the southwest adopting similar laws, and putting an end to a system, which is injurious to the southern country, in every moral, political and pecuniary point of view.

From an English paper.

VIOLATION OF THE RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION. A lecture by George Thompson, Esq., having been put an end to on Wednesday evening, by a Chartist disturbance, the following resolution has been passed by the National Association:

Resolved, That we, the members of the National Association, of 242 High Holborn, thus publicly declare our strong disapprobation of the conduct of the Chartists, and of the violence and disorder which they have been guilty of, and we hereby request that the friends of free trade, in our hall, for the hearing of a lecture from Mr. George Thompson; conceiving, as we do, that such conduct is calculated to injure the cause of free trade, and that it is an outrage, and a violation of the rights of the public, and that it is a disgraceful and unjust. And, further, we think it the imperative duty of all honest chartists to come boldly forward, and for the sake of the cause they have espoused, redeem it from the imputation cast upon it by the conduct of a few intemperate individuals, who, for the last few years, have gone from place to place to meet every meeting, however worthy the object for which it has been called.

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